

1d.  
To his Royal Highness the Duke.

**T**hey who oppose your Right unto the Crown,  
Would, had they pow'r, pull Monarchy quite down :  
'Tis not, so qualifi'd they would have one  
Of this, or that Religion, on the Throne ;  
No, no, we know their minds, they would have none.  
The men that lately kept from *Charles* his due,  
Now promise fair to dis-inherit you ;  
They who explode your Right, to make us slaves,  
Are not Presumptive, but Apparent Knaves :  
By our Dissentions they would smoothe their way,  
And from Contenders hope to snatch the Prey.  
But such men seldom in the end can boast,  
They threaten loud, but still their Cause is lost  
In such affairs, they'll find it to their cost.  
Still the old Cheat, Religion is the cry,  
And made the Ram to batter Monarchy ;  
'Cause they deserve, they fear the smarting Rod,  
And most Religiously distrust their God.  
Envy at Regal Sway, ( Ah it is sad )  
And Zeal mis-guided made those Bill-men mad :  
These took rash measures, and did ill advise ;  
But without jealousy or wrong surmise,  
The future will prove Loyal, Calm, and Wise.  
To us it cannot but assurance bring,  
That a good Man can make as good a King.  
Factious design, and damn'd Plebeian rage,  
Does to no mean degree distract the Age,  
And watch the tottering of our settled State.  
But can we be such Sheep, such careless Elves,  
Not to beware the Wolves among our selves ?  
Those Beasts of Prey, that lurk in a disguise,  
That wear our skins ; 'tis there our danger lies :  
Against their Brother-Wolves they raise the cry,  
'Cause their Addresses are not half so lie.  
A Papist seems a Papist to our sight,  
But our Fanatick, 'cause he would not fright,  
Daubs o'er the Devil like a Child of Light.  
But Ah ! great Sir, where you should still Command,  
You, like a Stranger, visit your own Land ;  
You for a moment Tantalize our sight,  
Then, like the absent Sun, you give us night :  
But 'tis the ready way, we must confess,  
To make us know and prize our happiness ;  
Whilst all do suffer, for the faulty few,  
*England* must lose it self in losing you.

But to *Great Britain* come —

May you in highest splendor live, and be  
Happy and safe, Great Sir, in One of Three.  
Sir, may your Right no otherwise prove vain,  
Than by the length of our Great *CHARLES* his Reign.  
We cannot, Sir, but prove a happy Nation ;  
One bliss enjoy'd, another in expectation.  
There but remains this great Truth in the close,  
Your Virtue 'nd Courage, Sir, the whole World knows,  
And y' are born for Conquest o'er your Foes.

F I N I S.

20th June 1842

My dear Sir  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst. in relation to the above mentioned subject. I am sorry to hear that you are not satisfied with the result of the examination. I have, however, no objection to your making such use of the facts as you may think proper. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours truly,  
J. H. [Signature]

1842